I haue together with my practize, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour h'as through *Epheſus*,
Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you, haue beene reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your Perſonall paine,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Cheſt; ti's of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. *Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is wondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe t'is caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2. *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
With full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, preſect me in
the Characters.

Here I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt:*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requte his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how freſh ſhe looks,
They were too rough, they threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many houres, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nine houres lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid: the fire and cloathes. the rough and
Woſull Muſicke that we haue, cauſe it to ſound beſeech you:
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirreſt thou blocke?
The muſicke their: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entrauc'ſt aboue fiue houres:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. *Gent.* The Heauens through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt prayſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo